Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I must haue patience to endure the loade,
But if blacke scandale or so foule fac't reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and staines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.
May. God blesse your Grace, we see it, and will say it.
Glo. In saying so you shall but say the truth.
Buc. Then I salute you with the kingly Title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.
Mai. Amen.
Buc. To morrow will it please you to be crown'd?
Glo. Euen when you will, since you will haue it so.
Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.
Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good Cousen, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene mother, Dutchesse of Yorke, Marques Dorset at one doore, Dutches of Gloster at another doore.

Dut. Who meets vs here, my Neece Plantagenet?
Qu. Sister well met, whether away so fast?
Dut. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
Qu. Kind sister thanks, weele enter all togither.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
Maister Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?
Lieu. Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straightly chargde the contrary.
Qu. The King? why, who's that?
Lieu. I cry you mercie, I meane the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord Protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he set bounds betwixt their loue and me?

I am

I am their mother, who should keepe
I am theirs father mother, and will se
Dut. Glo. Their Aunt I am in law, i
Then feare not thou ile beare thy bla
And take thy office from thee on my
Lieu. I do beseech your Graces all
I am bound by oath, I may not do it.

Enter Lord Stan

Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies
And ile salute your Grace of Yorke,
And reuerent looker on, of two faire
Come Madam, you must go with me
There to be crowned Richards roya
Qu. O cut my lace in sunder, that
May haue some scope to beate, or el
With this dead killing newes.
Dor. Madame, haue comfort, how
Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, g
Death and destruction dogge thee a
Thy mothers name is ominous to c
If thou wilt outstrip death, goe cross
And liue with Richmond, from the
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaug
Least thou increase the number of th
And make me die the thrall of *Marg*
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands cou
Stan. Full of wise care is this your
Take all the swift aduantage of the ti
You shall haue letters from me to my
To meete you on the way, and welc
Be not taken tardie, by vnwise delay
Dut. Yor. O ill dispearsing wind o
O my accursed wombe, the bed of d
A Cocatrice hast thou hatcht to the
Whose vnavoided eye is murtherou
San. Come *Madam*, I in all hast w
Duch. And I in all vnwillingnesse
I would to God that the inclusiue v
Of golden mettall that must round

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